Smithsonian Institution

THE WANDERER:

A POEM,

BY

LEWIS S. HOUGH.

CLEVELAND:
PRINTED BY SMEAD & COWLES.
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PREFACE.

Having of late spent three or four weeks of leisure time in versifying the adventures of an early wanderer, as the result I present the following. If this little book of scenes and adventures should prove interesting, I shall, of course, feel highly gratified; if not, it must be set down as a well-meant, though ill-directed effort of one who wished to please, but could not.

If the eye of criticism should censure this early, and perhaps rude attempt at versification, I only say that it is much easier to find fault with a work written, than to write a work without fault. If it should be said that too much ground is gone over and but lightly touched, I say in reply that when a *wanderer* is the theme, *wandering*, of course must be the song. The nature of the subject, therefore is such as to preclude going into the minutiæ. If it should be said that the trivial and the serious are too much blended, I say in reply, that those thoughts and scenes come up only in the order in which they present themselves to the mind of the traveller as he passes on from one place to another. Whenever mythology is referred to, it is of course referred to only *as such*.

THE AUTHOR.

Cleveland, May, 1847.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poem is divided into fourteen sections, and the thread of discourse runs as follows:

Section I. The Wanderer's Early Life and Restlessness; his Gloom and Despondency.—II. His Departure From Home and Native Country; True Happiness, Where Found; His Voyage; His Feelings on the Ocean.—III. His Arrival in Old England, and Thoughts Thereon; London; St. Paul's Church; Monuments; Packenham and Johnson; Westminster Abbey; Places to be Visited; Royal Palace; Queen Victoria; Father Mathew; General Traits of the English; Their Sporting.—IV. The Wanderer's Health Improved; His Voyage up the Mediterranean; Bay of Biscay; A Severe Storm, and Trouble on Hand.—V. Gibralter's Strait; Fair Weather, and Fine Sailing; Beautiful Islands; Arrival at Rome.—VI. Thoughts on Seeing the City; Ancient Ruins; A Splendid Amphitheatre, called the Coliseum; St. Peter's Church; Romish Popes; Paintings and Sculpture: a Rural Excursion, Romantic Scenery, and Beautiful Skies; Andes; River Po; The Rubicon; Vesuvius; The Country Around; Herculanæum and Pompeii; Tusculum, Venusia, and other Noted Places.—VII. The Wanderer's Farewell to Italy; Hailing a Yankee Brig, and Fun; Charybdis and Scylla; Sicily; Mt. Ætna; Fair Sailing.—VIII. Arrival at Athens, and Thoughts Thereon; Demosthenes, Mars' Hill, and Paul; Plains of Marathon; Thermopylæ; Homer; Ancient Philosophers; Reflections on Greece.—IX. Turkey and the Turks; Circassian Beauties; Refining and Elevating Influence of Beauty of Form.—X. Voyage to Palestine; Arrival and Reflections Thereon; Ancient Worthies; Prophets and the Messiah.—XI. The Sea of Galilee; Christ on the Mount and Beatitudes; The Ruins of Babylon; Jewish Captives.—XII. Mountains of Lebanon; Carmel and Tabor; Jacob's Well.—XIII. Bethany; Mount of Olives; Jerusalm; Its Ruin Foretold; Its Destruction by Titus; Mount Calvary; Crucifixion; Resurrection; Ascension and Triumph.—XIV Dead Sea; Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; Departure from Palestine and Return to England; Homeward Voyage in the Ship Constellation.

THE WANDERER.

I.

There was a youth of restless, cheerless mind,
(And many such upon this earth you'll find;)
His soul was restless as the ocean waves
When rocked by storms, and fierce the tempest raves.
Discordant feeling was his native spring—
At discord with himself and every thing;
His restlessness with early youth began,
And much increased as he grew up to man.
First, love for science did his mind control,
And kept subdued the feelings of his soul;
In Science halls he lingered through his youth:
Those halls he loved, and much he loved their truth.
His youth thus passed away, like running sand
His restless nature then did soon expand;
Those native springs no longer brooked control,
But gave loose reins the feelings of his soul.
Keen disappointment long had stung his mind;
The world was far from what he hoped to find:
Mankind were false, and very treacherous too,
Whereas he thought to find them just and true.

Since thus he found them much against his hope,
At times it made him quite a misanthrope;
The world he hated: for it was so base,
No moral beauty could he in it trace.
He turned away and shunned the busy throng,
Away from them he wished to stay quite long,
In groves of solitude he longed to dwell,
To shun that which to him was earthly hell.
Wrong in himself, and wrong was all around,
His soul in melancholy deep was bound;
His heart was lonely as the silent grave,
And dreary too, as is old ocean's wave.
Friends, home and country him no more deter,
The earth soon holds him as her wanderer.
Reckless and careless of his future fate,
He seeks the city of the Empire State.
When here he stays for a few days or more,
He sails for Albion's old and distant shore.

II.

O hapless youth! thus vainly seek to find
Amusement for a wretched, restless mind;
As from himself he wished himself to save
He sought "a life upon the ocean wave."
O wretched youth! thy folly much enhanced,
By drinking in so much of wild romance,
To think the wonders of the deep blue sea,
That wretched, restless mind can ever free.

His native land he bids a quick adieu,
As her receding coasts he stood to view;
Then turned and dashed away a reckless tear,
And fearless gazed upon the ocean drear.
And with his own solitude infused,
He stood on deck and to himself thus mused:

My native land I leave, farewell, farewell,
And welcome thou, old ocean's stormy swell;
I fear thee not, thou treach'rous, trackless main,
For life to me has naught to lose or gain.
Nothing I fear, or hope, or wish from earth,
But almost curse the day that gave me birth.
My youth is withered, and my health is gone,
My hopes are blighted in life's early dawn.
Now all I wish or hope from future fate,
Is only this, to leave the world I hate.
Old ocean, then, receive thy wretched, restless child,
His lonely heart will love thy grandeur wild,
Close to thy heaving bosom will he cling,
And fall to sleep, as hoarse thy surges sing.
Old ocean then, receive me to thy arms,
To me thou hast no fears, but many charms,
For in thee a true mirror I shall find
Of my own wretched, restless, cheerless mind,
If happiness does now to me remain,
That happiness I seek upon thy main,
Or else in lands that lie beyond thy surge,
Unless too soon you sing my final dirge.
To live or die to me is all the same,
Earth has no joys, 'tis all an empty name.

This youth of romance wild thus here we see
By impulse driven, his spirit never free;
Those native ties, which bound him to his home,
Thus snapt asunder, left him wide to roam.
To dissipation he was never given,
And yet by restlessness forever driven;
Not dissipation of the baser kind
We mean; 'twas dissipation of the mind.
Borne now we see him on the ocean waves,
Himself awhile he from himself thus saves.
Old ocean was to him a novel scene,
Whose wonders he before had often dreamed;
But now in truth they burst upon his view,
They gave to life a something that was new.
Yet happiness old ocean cannot give,
This last depends upon "the how" we live.
"O happiness; our being's end and aim,"
How vain to seek thee on the raging main;
There grandeur, storms and tempests sometimes roll,
But cannot calm the tempest of the soul.
O hapless chase of happiness sincere!
"'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere."
As mortals chase thee over all the world,
Away from them forever dost thou whirl.
But when they cease the chase and once obey the truth,
She comes to them in all the bloom of youth.
Our youth was lonely 'midst a multitude,
Forever wrapt in his own solitude;
He held communion with the stormy deep,
As wild winds blew, and hoarse the surges weep.

'Twas music to his lonely, wretched soul,
To hear the moaning winds, as tempests roll
Along the ocean's surface rough and wild,
And rocked to sleep old ocean's restless child.
A mind thus reckless views with equal care
The day of storm and tempest, as the weather fair;
When winds blow hardest, and the sea ran high,
His soul in its own element did fly,
And rose above the stormy, swelling surge,
And reckless smiled, if sung his funeral dirge.

III.

The voyage passed, as others usual do,
With sunshine some, and stormy weather too.
Old England's coasts then burst upon his view,
And give him hopes of seeing something new.
Land of my fathers! the wand'rer exclaimed;
Land of wide empire, and far reaching fame;
Much favored of heaven, and fruitful thy sod;
Land which my fathers before me have trod;
O land of the brave, and home of the free:
My woes I'll forget, thy wonders to see.
Romantic land! where bright the Muses smile,
And breathe their music over all this isle:
Where Milton lived, and breathed poetic fire,
And waked the nations with his tuneful lyre;
Where Pollock wooed as muse such aid sublime,
And rolled his numbers down "The Course of Time;"

Where Byron sung in rich and lively strains,
And thought and feeling to the bottom drains;
Where Shakspeare does his pleasing numbers lift,
And human nature thus completely sift.
Hail Britannia! lovely, fairy isle:
Where hills and valleys sweet forever smile;
Where romance lives in castles grey and old,
And breathes sad numbers to a poet's soul.

With thoughts like these, our lonely wanderer
Entered that land of bustle and of stir;
Awhile so taken with her novel scenes,
He almost forgets his miseries keen.
Those ancient scenes such animation give,
As almost made him wish again to live.
His silent course through all the land he takes,
His soul to musing deep at times awakes,
And drives deep melancholy far away,
And cheers his soul with bright and joyous ray.
At times, when grief and sadness thus him left,
He scarce remembered that he was himself;
So full of life and joy was all around,
That music sweet in every thing he found.
Through many towns and shires he held his way,
Towns famed for fact'ries in the present day,
Where flesh and bones and souls of wretched men,
Wither and blight, deprived the light of heaven.
England has glory, and also some shame:
Her poor are oppressed, though great is her name;
Free in her principles, but false in her deeds,
She fattens her nobles, her poor scarcely feeds;

For titles and honors she prates loud and raves,
Yet curses her neighbors for holding of slaves;
She preaches the truth, yet follows the wrong,
Her poor are all slaves, and thus have been long.

These fact'ry towns at length were passed through:
The Metropolis then burst upon his view.
Great London! city of far ancient days,
Thy turrets glisten in the sun's bright rays.
Thy churches, towers, and groves of shady wood,
For ages past, with majesty have stood.
Great place of wonders! by thyself a world!
Around which living masses ever whirl.

Here many scenes of wonder meet his eye:
St. Paul's so weighty dome both great and high,
So built as quite to overcap the town,
On other domes with lofty scorn look down.
Great monument of man's stupendous power!
Like some huge mountain o'er the rest to tower?
As if vain man would build on earthly sod,
And make his works reach to the throne of God.
Like ancient Titans, when in their exile,
The mountains on each other high they piled,
On these they hoped to reach those sacred bowers,
And thus to scale high heaven's walls and towers.
But vain thy efforts, proud, ambitious man,
Thy works of grandeur when we closely scan,
How weak and feeble do they then compare
With those which God has built, both great and fair!
This temple entered, an area wide you meet,
Covered with statues of heroes once great,

Of men of letters, of statesmen so wise,
Who live now in marble to see their fame rise.
One uniformed statue there stood plain in view,
One whom our wanderer from history knew;
The inscription he read—we all know the man:
"Erected to memory of Sir Packenham,
Who gloriously fell in wars of fourteen,
While charging the enemy before New Orleans."
"Gloriously" indeed he fell for the city,
Who urged on his men for "beauty and booty."
A cold immortality! and quite dearly bought,
To live in stiff marble, but not in the thought;
For thoughts of mankind for ages to come,
Such glory will curse as thus basely won.
And Johnson, the man for letters far famed,
Lives too in marble, but fairer his name:
His works are of a milder, useful kind,
And show the action of a noble mind.

Next, Western Abbey his attention claims:
Vast Gothic pile, and former-day remains!
Where kings and queens and nobles of the state
Sleep low in dust, and share our common fate.
You enter on a hard and even floor,
Take off your hat, and sixpence quick fork o'er;
The place you tread is holy ground, 'tis true:
They almost wish you to take off your shoe.
And next you enter through an iron gate,
Aud here the gownman will your loose things take;
And then with him those sacred walls survey,
But hands off, and the strictest rules obey.

Remember, man, you tread on sacred ground,
Where holy Romance has for ages bound
Her richest garlands for those royal brows,
And common dust in deepest reverence bows.
The gods forgive you, if you cast your eyes
Around that place, and then should feel to rise
One democratic thought of man's equal birth,
That man is but man throughout all the earth.
The gods may forgive you, England will not,
She worships her great ones, her poor are forgot;
And if you don't relish her pride and her pelf,
Why then just be wise, it keep to yourself.

The British Museum, too is worth a call,
From all who wonders love, both great and small.
A world of curious things you there will find,
Too numerous to mention, or keep in mind.
The gallery of paintings, too, you should behold:
They shew the genius of a painter's soul;
The more you see them with such beauties rife,
The more you think they're bursting into life.
O wondrous art! such beauty to transcribe
From nature's works to that which art provides;
Impressed on canvas thus is nature's truth,
To bloom and flourish in immortal youth.

The royal palace also claims a sight:
Her Majesty there stays in splendor bright;
The British flag waves on its towering dome—
This shows that Queen Victoria is at home.
Queen Vic. to London deigns but half her smiles,
The rest at Windsor Castle, out ten miles,

What means all this parade and ornament?
To-day the Queen goes to the Parliament,
To make a speech, which every one enjoys,
As she sends home those Parliamentary boys.
O vast parade! ne'er seen on yankee soil,
And vast expense, for which her millions toil
And sweat and groan, through all the country round.
And silent curse their lot, as subjects of the crown.
Coaches eighteen, and each with horses four,
Make up the line and bear along their store
Of nobles, princes and the English Queen
Who bows to all, as by them she is seen.
Hats off, ye gazers, and those bows return;
Such favors sweet but seldom will you earn.
How gracious is your Queen, such notice to take
Of those who support her and all her estate.
Pretty Queen! for you we dare but admire;
How brilliant that crown! it sparkles like fire;
And yet we must say, (we could wish otherwise,)
It sparkles much brighter than do the Queen's eyes.
And yet she is pretty; who dare say the reverse?
And specially when he speaks thus in verse.
'Twould sink him quick to condemnation
And on him raise the English nation.
That costly robe! how graceful are its folds,
Rather more graceful than the form it holds.
And yet she is pretty, but sure as is life,
We should not much envy Prince Albert his wife.
The Tunnel, too, must be passed through,
Its wondrous architecture thus to view;

What stately arches run along the way,
And thence exclude the glorious light of day.
Curious indeed is all its workmanship,
And worthy well a very lengthy trip.

'Mong other things and men our wanderer saw,
Was he who holds the temperance, sacred law;
Proclaiming truth to all the people round,
Their hearts thus getting to his pledges bound.
Great Mathew, thou art truly very great,
Far greater thou, than those who ride in state;
Theirs is all a fleeting, pompous show,
While thine to after ages long shall go.
No sparkling crown entwines thy manly brow,
But hearts of gratitude before thee bow;
No martial honors stain thy moral sway,
But tears of joy bedew thy onward way;
Thy lasting laurels are not stained with blood,
But only wet by stopping misery's flood;
Man truly great! thy ever worthy name
Shall live through the world in everlasting fame.

To pass through England, and see it all through,
You find many things are well worth a view:
There are castles and fountains and thick forest shades,
And rosy-cheeked farmers and fair blushing maids;
Old England is merry, too fond quite of cheer.
Of roast beef and mutton, ale, porter and beer;
If these can be had, quite easy their fate,
They heed not the fearful encroachments of state;
Although her sons look quite hardy and hale,
Of life's nobler end they seem much to fail.

For things intellectual but little is thought—
To the poor such pleasures are too dearly bought.
To the race and the chase the richer attend,
Their time and their money for such objects spend:
Here to excel, they think quite makes the man,
And gives them much fame throughout all the land.
What greatness this! of time what sad misuse!
They should bethink the Spartan and his goose:
A Persian boasted of his one-foot feat;
A Spartan said, my goose at that can beat—
So strength and force, without the nobler powers,
Are worse than wasted in our idle hours.
Why emulate the dog and wolf in chase?
Who manly worth can in such pleasures trace?
Man was not made to chase the timid hare,
Below him far such brutal pleasures are;
The fox to worry, and the deer pursue,
Belong not to man when to his nature true.
The sports of the English there's nothing that checks:
Though woods and fences almost break their necks,
Yet onward the chase through thick swales and bogs,
Helter-skelter—riders, horses, and dogs.
Brave English! indeed your wit must be blunt,
To charge Brother Jonathan with slowness to hunt.
'Tis Columbia's boast, and not to her blame,
To live for pursuits of a much higher aim.
"Go it," ye English, without any checks,
Leap your hedge fences, perhaps break your necks,
Your game to pursue, your parks make to ring,
And then "Hail Britannia!" just strike up and sing.

The sons of Columbia, a little more wise,
Meanwhile in true greatness far up shall arise,
Her star-spangled banner shall ever float free
O'er her hills and her valleys, the land and the sea.

IV.

Here many scenes our wand'rer passed through,
And then he bids that ancient land adieu.
Not quite so reckless as when first he sailed,
New life and action here his hopes have hailed.
For life and health, say mortals more or less,
Make up to man the whole of happiness;
With these he 's happy, either here or there,
On ocean's wave, in palace great and fair,
In cottages, or in the open plain;
If health there reigns, all other evils slain.
True health, we mean, of body and of soul,
Not that alone which through the pulses roll;
Such health to him at length begins to flow,
His heart with love of live again to glow.
With joy and hope he looks about the earth,
No more to curse the day that gave him birth.
Hopes brighter dawn upon his wretched lot,
His former troubles are almost forgot.
His restless nature partially remains,
His love of "seeing" somewhat on him gains.
For Mediterranean shores he now sets sail,
The ship towed down the Thames by steamboat trail;

The Straits of Dover soon were passed through,
The English channel then comes into view;
And next the stormy bay of Biscay wide,
Where Neptune deigns in majesty to ride:
This bay is noted for its sudden squalls;
The ancients thought the sea god had his walls
Of heaving billows, in this self same bay—
'Twould almost seem so to the present day;
That Neptune here holds all his ocean powers,
The sky with vengeance dark forever lowers;
And when in wrath he shakes his trident rod,
He makes old ocean to its centre nod.
When entered on this dark and dismal bay,
Look out for squalls, and for a stormy day:
Look sharp, my boys, and keep a constant view,
For storms along here come on in a "whew."

The night was dark, and gloomy as a funeral knell,
The ocean heaved in many a mighty swell,
The clouds in circling masses quickly start,
And through the sky their forked lightnings dart.
Our ship was bounding through the misty deep,
The mate on watch had fallen fast to sleep,
The wearied sailors locked in their repose,
The storm unseen in all its fury rose.
The rocking ship at length the mate awakes,
The storm on us in heavy vengeance rakes.
O half hour's sleep! how fearful its cost!
Our canvass all out—O God! we are lost!
"All hands on deck!" the startled mate sung out.
Then shook our ship, and rolled and lurched about,

Like drunkard on a fearful, dreadful spree,
She drives about half buried in the sea.
The captain from his cabin quickly sprung,
His hoarse, rough voice through trumpet loudly rung,
"Reef quick those sails," he thundered loud,
Or soon we get us all a briny shroud.
The main-sail first with desperation bold,
They try with muscles strong to reef and hold;
Its stays are raised, it snaps and bends,
Meanwhile the ship is on her beam-ends.
"Confusion worse confounded" reigned around,
'Twas slipping here and there and falling down:
The ship is over, nay she 's up again,
To reef the sails try long and hard the men.
Meanwhile below disorder reigned still more,
There female shrieks and children's frightful roar
Rose high and blended with the tempest's moan,
And made our wanderer wish he 'd stayed at home.
The storm still rages, but to our relief,
The mainsail at length they had closely reefed;
The other canvas soon they hauled in,
Then turned the ship to drive before the wind.
The hurricane blows with most fearful blast,
We hope to our soul the storm will not last;
For gloomy indeed that the foam of the surge
Should be our winding sheet, its voice our dirge.
And wished our wanderer here for weather mild,
Nor longer wished to be old ocean's child.
The ship against the storm rides nobly well;
She plows and dives through many a heavy swell;

On every side the waves roll mountains high,
She sinks far down, then bounds up to the sky.
O then were dizzy heads and fainting hearts,
Pale fear in every countenance starts,
For every time she sinks beneath the waves,
All think they're falling to their ocean graves.
A day and night thus roughly tossed along,
No music but the swelling surges' song,
No sun at day, no shining stars at night,
We drive along without the cheering light,
And horror dismal reigned on every side,
As foamed and dashed the swelling surges wide;
A contest hard of nature and of art,
To test which of them had the better part.
'Twas long and fearful, though to mortal pride,
The ship the storm seemed likely to outride.
Two weeks the sea was rough, tho' lessened its rage,
And gave us some hopes of drawing out our age.

V.

Since we survived such fearful, dreadful fate,
We hoped to enter at Gibralter's strait;
We neared the land for a few leagues or more,
And found us off Ispania's southern shore.
With canvas spread, and a propitious breeze,
The strait we enter soon with perfect ease.
On either side we plainly view the land,
And God we praise for mercies from his hand.

Our gallant ship rides proudly o'er the waves,
From former dangers thus completely saved.
The southern zephyr on us gently blows,
And gratitude in every heart now glows.
O sweet deliverance from the raging deep!
And tears of joy now all the crew do weep.
We feel the gentle winds from Afric's shore,
And smile to see the fearful storm no more.
With joy we sail along the pathless sea,
From care and trouble now completely free.
By many a smiling isle we passed along,
Which once the Muses cheered with sprightly song,
Where scenes of beauty even now arise,
That well befit an earthly paradise.
Our voyage thus onward we merrily go,
And pass through the Strait of Bonifacio:
Corsica on the north, Sardinia on the south;
And then we sail on unto the Tiber's mouth.
Our wanderer now thus far from native home,
Soon finds himself landed in the city of Rome.

VI.

O ancient City, once ruling the world,
Where now is thy grandeur? long since from the hurl'd:
Thy name remains, thy greatness long has passed;
Eternal City! thy fame only lasts.
Thy hills remain, but long thy mighty nod
Has ceased to rule the nations with thy rod.

Yet glorious in ruins! thy former remains,
All modern greatness with littleness stains.
These ruins our wand'rer now closely surveys,
As at the city he stops a few days.
The Forum, Coliseum, and the Pantheon,
And aqueducts on old Janiculum;
Constantine's arch on the hill Palatine,
Mecœnas' palace that once was so fine;
Caracalla's circus there also one meets,
But minus the audience and minus the seats;
Dioclesian baths, and Cæsars' ancient tombs,
To which Campus Martius there also gives room.
The most majestic ruin is the Coliseum:
Three ranks of arches all around it run,
Between, the spaces ornamented are,
With various pillars, models very fair:
Doric in the first and with beauty decked;
Ionic pillars ornament the next;
Corinthian pillars then the former bound,
The Attic then rise, and all the others crown.
Majestic relic of far ancient days!
Thy grandeur lingering still around thee stays,
As if such ancient works sublime
Delight to mock the ravages of time.
There towers St. Peter's Church, to which St. Paul's
Is but a vestry, or an entrance hall:
Its architecture on the noblest plan,
And shows the genius of a skilful man.
When human genius spends its utmost powers,
In building churches, cities, walls and towers,

These efforts all must be left in the lurch,
When once compared with St. Peter's Church.
St. Clement's, St. Martin's, and others you view,
Have grandeur and beauty of form, it is true;
But yet, when compared with St. Peter's dome,
Their beauty and greatness away quick are flown.
When this was built, we think the Romish popes,
Though quite ungodly, must have cherished hopes
Of climbing to heaven on St. Peter's dome,
And thus, though great sinners, of reaching that home.
How else they there reach, 'tis hard quite to tell,
Their lives, it is certain, must lead straight to hell.

In paintings and sculpture the city abounds,
And beautiful relics are strown all around:
A sight of such wonders attention will hold,
And breathe sweet music to the classic soul.
The antiquarian also feasts his mind,
Such ancient relics everywhere to find;
Their speech he reads, and hears them mournful say,
"Thus passes the glory of this earth away."

And now suppose, for the pleasure it yields,
We just take a trip into Italian fields,
Where Nature does lavish her beauties so sweet,
Her lovers with richest profusion to treat.
O fairy, lovely, deep enchanting land!
Where Romance sways her ever magic wand,
And keeps her sacred temples where she holds,
In music sweet and sad, romantic souls.
And then such bright and ever shining skies,
Such glowing grandeur everywhere there lies;

Such music breathes from every thing around,
The soul in sweetest pleasure ever bound.
Andes let us visit, so near Mantua:
Here Virgil was born, the ancients thus say,
Yes, Virgil, whose harp so sweetly was strung,
And rural beauties and martial deeds sung.
There too is the famous and old river Po,
Where Phæton once died, the poets say so;
For Jupiter's vengeance there on him bolts,
And strikes him down quick with sharp thunderbolts.
The Rubicon torrent is worthy a view,
By this, once Cæsar's legions rashly flew,
To slave his nation and make firm his power,
Till sudden vengeance dark did on him lower.
Vesuvius, too, deserves a longer stay,
Whose crater burns both night any day,
And when in rage, spouts cataracts of fire,
Which all must fear, and yet can't help admire;
To see a mountain belching out its flames;
Then labors the earth in deep and heavy pains,
And fearful the offspring which soon comes to birth,
In showers of lava to deluge the earth.
The region around is beauteous indeed,
And Nature nowhere has left any need;
Here, beauty and dread with each other treat,
And heaven and hell seem closely to meet.
Herculaneum and Pompeii once near,
Now remain only as monuments of fear.
Where sported gay life, and rosy-cheeked love,
Till vengeance came down from crater above.

This fearful event and memorable time,
Took place in the year about seventy-nine ;
The people all busy in life's many ways,
Gladness and mirth there lingering stays ;
Vesuvius's crater did suddenly spout,
And poured forth its lava, like hell emptied out :
Then red hot destruction did over them flow,
And quick to oblivion these people do go.

And other places too there might be mentioned,
And worthy all of very close attention.
There's Tusculum the ville of Cicero,
The orator of Rome, as all of us know.
Venusia, too, is there, and may be traced.
Of Horace the poet, as being the birth place,
Apulia so famed for wool's finest fleece,
Brundusium the port for passing to Greece.
And Pœstum, as the classic story goes,
Was very much famed for best kind of rose.
And Pyathagoras, who much wisdom won,
Taught there on the coast of Metapontum.

VII.

Our wanderer lingered on Italian shores,
His mind with ancient wonders there he stores,
And sighed with sorrow as approached the day;
When from such scenes he was to sail away.
Farewell, dear Italy, farewell, farewell,
On all thy ancient wonders I shall dwell

With deepest love and veneration too,
And feast my soul on all thy grandeur true.
Long, long will I remember, fair Italy, thee,
Once home of the brave and land of the free.
He drops down the Tiber with rapid haste,
Its classic waters never more to taste.
With hearts all light and full of youthful glee,
All hands on board, we quickly put to sea.
The weather was fair, and gentle the gale,
How fine we along the smooth waters sail!
A day or two out, we took the concern,
Of hailing a brig that lay off astern.
"Brig ahoy!" the captain's trumpet roared,
"Where from, where bound, and with what are you stor'd?
"Brig M——, from Boston, and a hard-ware freight,
And bound right to the port of Naples straight.
Fifty days out, hard weather we have stood,
We hope when we get there, to find market good;
Stone jars, fine bowls, and vessels of tin;
A chance this for making a 'tarnal fortin.'"
But when our captain heard his freighting told,
He turned about and laughed with all his soul.
O brother of the yankee nation!
Forever merged in speculation,
We cannot help but at you some to stare,
To see you off here, thus freighted with ware,
O'er seas and o'er lands your "fixins" to whirl,
And e'en wish to furnish them to the old world.
Such commerce, indeed, the trading world shocks,
Perhaps, besides bowls, they have some brass clocks.

Success to ye, yankees, thus boldly to dare,
To rival old Naples in hard earthen ware.
Success to your trade in vessels of tin,
We heartily wish you a mighty "fortin."
The yankee brig then quickly passed along,
Our sailor boys merrily strike up a song;
"A cap full of wind," our hearts full of joy,
Nor again did we wish to sing out "Brig ahoy."
Thus onward we sail while old ocean smiles,
And soon we pass by the Lipari Isles.
Sicily next soon springs up to view,
The Strait of Messina was then passed through.
In sailing here much caution must you take,
To shun Charybdis here, there Scylla's dreadful fate;
Both whirlpools, and of fearful drawing swell,
Like that at York, they call the gate of hell.
The first is on the Sicilian shore,
The other reaches the Italian more;
And if your safety you do much esteem,
Just mind your helm, and sail right in between.
We sailed thus along, and night drew her cloak,
We saw at a distance, Mt. Etna to smoke,
And roll up her flames like banners unfurled,
And serve as a chimney to th' internal world.
When ancients heard Mt. Ætna's fiery moans,
They thought they were some giant's fearful groans,
Whom for some mischief there the gods did hide,
Who belched out fire as turned from side to side.
And flames and smoke the giant then expires,
And rolls far round Mt. Ætna's dreadful fires.

Fit emblem this of passions' fearful sway,
Which deep and dark in human bosoms lay,
Sometimes at rest their energies held,
But gather only wrath at such interval,
And when eruption comes, how frightful their swell
They roll all around the ruin of hell.
Whoever at this fairy island stops,
Might see the forges of the old Cyclops;
Here Vulcan too with strong and bony arm
Taught iron-making to a perfect charm.
And Ceres, also, the goddess of corn,
In Sicily here was said to be born.
Here too, they say, in very ancient time,
Occurred the ravishment of Proserpine;
The Plains of Enna, where then she did stray,
Till Pluto came up and took her away.

VIII.

As fortune thus smiles, and propitious the breeze,
At ten knots an hour we plow through the seas;
Our ship thus onward, us rapidly sends,
And quickly we near the port of Athens.
And here our wanderer again steps ashore,
His minds with things ancient still further to store.
O Athens! once city of far-reaching fame,
Whose proud martial spirit, there nothing could tame.
Demosthenes once with deep suasive lip,
His thunders here hurled at the son of Philip,

His intrigues to hold up, his wiles to expose,
And rouse his dear Athens from deathlike repose.
Great orator, then thy eloquence deep,
Rang through the Forum, and made them to weep;
As thrilling thy speech did thus on them roll,
It roused up their feelings, and fired each soul.
To war! to war! or Athens is undone,
And vengeance they swear to King Philip's son,
Great orator! though thy words cease to flow,
A love for thy eloquence forever shall glow,
And burn in such hearts as emulate thine,
Thy fame thus shall live far onward in time.
And then whose heart can help feeling a thrill,
While standing in place of ancient Mars' Hill?
Athenians and strangers, who used there to dwell,
Wished something there new to hear or to tell,
Where Paul stood forth in the midst of them there,
And said "Men of Athens, to me just give ear;
In all things, I with deep sorrow perceive,
Too much superstition you 're prone to receive,
For as I passed by and stood on your sod,
I saw this inscription, "To th' unknown God."
Whom blindly ye worship, declare I to you,
The Great and Eternal, the Wise and the True,
That made the world and everything therein,
The Lord of Heaven, Earth and men.
In temples made he will not deign to dwell,
He fills all space, heaven, earth and hell.
To all he gives life, health and every breath,
Which, when he takes, we all must sleep in death.

In him we live and move, while being stays,
And flood of life its course thus onward plays;
For but to prove, we all are his offspring,
Only just hear your own poets sing,
Though dark their minds, they often declare,
That offspring of God, we all of us are;
Since this is the case, I say to you bold,
The Godhead is neither like silver or gold.
But God is a spirit all power and love,
And Jesus as teacher has sent from above.
His doctrine now heed, so just and so true;
The great Unknown sends them, tho' now to you new.

O heavenly eloquence! that here once did fall,
All stirring and glowing from the lips of St. Paul.
His eloquence flowed in deep suasive tone,
And every accent with true wisdom shone.
O heart-stirring eloquence! directly from heaven,
To glow on earth, and start a holy leaven,
Degraded, wretched man at length to raise.
And leave dumb idols, the true God to praise.

If through the city, now your work is done,
Suppose we view the plains of Marathon.
Here Grecian valor met the Persian foe,
And sent them hasty to the shades below;
And taught their rashness to remember long
That strenght to numbers don't always belong.
Next let us view close Thermopylæ's pass,
Where once there stood the brave Leonidas,
And with his small and very faithful band,
He fought and died to save his native land.

O patriot brave! what death on thee came,
Was but to live in everlasting fame.
Here Homer sung his deep and thrilling lays,
And praised the valor of far ancient days:
As prince of poets, here in numbers bold,
He taught old Greece the music of his soul.
Here Socrates, with knowledge most divine,
Taught boldly immortality of mind.
And Plato, too, to wisdom also brought,
Poured on the world philosophy of thought.
Diogenes, who was so odd and bold,
Whose jokes and fun to modern times have rolled.
Mid-day, who, market searched, with lantern in hand,
And said to all, "I'm looking for a *man*."
Who captive led, and thus to purchase brought,
Cried out, "who of them all a master sought?"
And when they asked him what his life had been?"
He quick replied, "I'm used to ruling men."
O Grecian land of beauty and of song!
Thy harps the willows have hung away long:
The Muses once loved thee; where now do they stray?
Have they left thee forever? O Grecian land say.
Thy hills, thy valleys, and fair groves remain,
But no longer filled with music's sweet strain.
Thy skies now as ever are lovely and fair,
But poets and orators found are not there.
Thy mountain rills yet gayly dash along,
Where once was breathed such sweet immortal song;
No longer is blended with murmuring rill,
The music that flows from the heart and the will.

Thy fields are yet fair, and ever in smile,
But no longer hold there Nature's own child;
Such bright scenes to love and deeply admire,
And kindle his soul with poetic fire.

O Greece, the land once favored of heaven!
Alas! Alas! how deeply now fallen:
Over thy sorrows my tears love to stray,
And weep for that glory which has passed away.
Dear Grecian land, I pray thee awake,
Away from thee now thy slumbers to shake,
Arise and emulate true glory's fame,
And be that Greece of which you bear the name.

IX.

If northward of Greece you hold on your way,
You'll find yourself under the haughty Turk's sway.
This land has much beauty, but gloomy its lot,
It groans under sway of Turkish despot.
The Turks are haughty, very treacherous too,
With scarcely a trait either lovely or true.
With little intelligence, dull as a log,
He deigns you the name of rough christian dog.
And if you wish to 'scape from his dirk,
Be sure that you never madden a Turk.
But some lovely objects perhaps you will view,
As the land of the Turks you pass along through;
And these there held in lonely captive bands,
We mean those beauties from Circassian lands.

Beauty of features and symmetry of form,
The Circassian ladies completely adorn;
Their noses aquiline, and arched their brows,
Their teeth very white, and small are their mouths,
Of medium size, with forms rather light,
With eyes very dark, and beautifully bright.
With delicate features, and soft, clear complexion,
True beauty they form, and that to perfection.
The bright enchanting girls of Paradise,
Of such angellic forms and speaking eyes,
Mahomet pledges to his faithful clan,
We think, must be from the Circassian land.
Forms, far too sacred for such lustful eyes,
But fitted well for mansions in the skies,
While Koran clan who think there to dwell,
Shall reap their reward in the lowest of hell.

O! If such beauty all the world could bless,
No one could prize this earth the less.
But lovely forms, like those we saw,
Worthy admirers would everywhere draw;
Worthy, we say, for hearts that are base,
Would quickly retire in deepest disgrace;
For such sacred forms would give them dismay,
And in blushes of shame quick send them away.
Such power true beauty holds in her hand,
She cheers, and blesses, and purifies man.
Till mortals shall falsify nature's best gift,
A word against beauty man never should lift.
God has breathed beauty throughout all his world,
But man has that beauty away from him hurled,

And since he has that blessing thus lost,
Why so lightly value its worth or its cost?

X.

Having in Grecian land thus spent some time,
We now set sail for ancient Palestine.
The gulf of Athens then we leave not slow,
And soon pass through the Archipelago;
Where lovely islands intersperse the seas;
Fit places these for Muses' devotees,
Where beauteous scenery does ever arise
And thus the soul in sweet devotion ties.
With few days more of most propitious breeze,
The Holy Land each of us gladly sees.
Our anchor cast, off half a league or more,
We launch a boat and quickly reach the shore.
Hail Palestine! land of sacred wonders old,
By us early read and to us oft told,
Our eyes now behold thee indeed and in truth.
Sweet land of my dreams when early in youth;
Hail Holy Land! Once favored of God,
Though since for thy sins thou has felt his rod,
Yet dear to the Christian, very dead art thou,
Whose heart on thy soil devoutly will bow.
Land of holy musing! in ages long past,
Where melodies were breathed that ever shall last.
Where David's harp, touched with celestial fire,
Sent forth holy strains, that never can tire.

And now I am here on this sacred soil,
How well am I paid for all my past toil;
How pure the delight, which here I shall know,
As through the fair land of Israel I go!
Here Abraham lived in times very old,
And served the true God in faith ever bold;
Here Isaac too stayed, the true faith to keep,
And nightly retired to meditate deep.
Jacob, the faithful, did here his flocks rear,
After fourteen years labor for Rachel his dear;
A true gallant soul young Jacob possessed,
And yet of true faith, he had not the less.
Ye stoics and monks, a lesson here take,
And true social joys no longer forsake.
Here Joseph was born, who also it seems,
Was very much hated on account of his dreams.
And yet his dreams turned out very fair,
And did not all prove but castles in air.
The patriarchs, who of their sad behaviour,
Keenly repented, towards Joseph their saviour.
Here Joshua guided the fierce battle storms,
And Jericho took, by blowing rams' horns:
A way very like that of late Rowland Hill,
Who vanquished a robber by screaming out shrill.
And here the young shepherd did melodies sing,
And slew the stout giant by a throw of his sling;
Here Solomon reigned, a prince great and wise,
But led astray was by too many wives.
The prophets lived here, and prophesied long
Of the coming Messiah, the theme of their song.

At length he comes, great prince of heaven and earth!
Lo! angel bands proclaim aloud his birth,
"Peace on the earth, good will to fallen man;
Redemption sing to every distant land:
Gladness and joy let every place adorn,
To you this day a Saviour here is born."
O much favored land, thus anciently blest,
By angelic feet, thy soil often pressed;
But mainly that He, the great "I AM"
His son should thus send to dwell in thy land.

XI.

An excursion, now, suppose we should take,
Our course let us bend towards Galilee's lake;
It smooth, placid waters as formerly roll,
And many sly fish its bosom does hold.
And now suppose we take the mountain track,
And years eighteen hundred, only roll back.
Now let us seek that distant mountain shade
And on us all let silence then be laid.
There, yonder, see a choice, secluded band;
And in their midst the great Redeemer stand.
Listen; among them now he takes his seat,
Of choicest wisdom now about to treat.
Majestic sweetness on his brow enthroned,
And tenderness breathes in every tone;
With music sweet then flow his words,
And to his faithful few these beatitudes.

"The poor in spirit forever are blest,
For heaven is theirs, and eternal their rest.
And blessed are they who for their sins mourn,
From joy forever they shall not be torn.
And blessed the meek, who are of true worth,
For long shall they inherit the earth.
And those also are very much blest,
Who hunger and thirst for true righteousness;
For 'tis your holy Father's righteous will,
All such as these with righteousness to fill.
And blessed are those who mercy do love,
These shall obtain mercy, and that from above.
Blessed are those in heart very pure,
Of seeing their God, they ever are sure.
Peace-makers are blest, they hate martial nod;
And these shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are those who fall for others' wrong,
To these the blessings of heaven belong.
All things whatsoever you wish done to you,
The same do to others; 'tis just and 'tis true.
Your treasures in heaven be certain to lay,
For when they are there, your hearts will not stray;
Your cares do not keep upon earthly sod,
But seek ye here first the kingdom of God.
Your hearts ever free from Mammon's base pelf,
Your neighbor then love as well as yourself.
'Bove all other things your duty select,
And be, as your Father in heaven, perfect."

O wondrous words of sacred wisdom these!
That human heart from every evil frees;

Well fitted these for every sea and land,
They show the true philosophy of man.
O sacred Teacher! may such truth divine,
Each human heart to wisdom true incline;
And man at length his blessedness retrieve,
By learning, though late, how rightly to live.
If northward of Syria you wish for to stray,
The ruins of Babylon suppose you survey.
Her walls, and her towers, and high brazen gates
Lie low now in dust; so time to her fates.
Juda's lone captive no longer you hold,
Their sorrows to mock with blasphemy bold,
To pierce their sad hearts with grief's sharpest prong,
By asking of them for Zion's sweet song,
By the banks of thy river, they lonely sat down,
Their enemies ever watching them round;
Their hearts with deep anguish are constantly wrung,
Their harps on the willows forever are hung.
But Juda's lone captive, thy suffering is o'er,
For now thy oppressor to be is no more.
Great Babylon! the scourge of nations so long,
Thy ruin long told in prophetic song,
Destruction now long has over thee howled,
A hiding place fit for the bittern and owl.
Here doleful creatures now hold jubilee,
Where Nebuchadnezzar once feasted in glee.
And solitude now entirely sways,
Where music once floated in livliest lays.
How fallen! how fallen! great Babylon thou,
Thy pride to perdition at length had to bow;

Thy grandeur and greatness so wedded to lust,
Sleep now forever in ruin and dust.

XII.

And now let us visit the region of mountains,
Where sparkling flow the clear chrystal fountains,
To see where we may many scenes wild and fair,
And breathe for a while the pure mountain air.
There Lebanon towers its high snowy brow,
Where fir-trees and cedars so gracefully bow,
Inviting the artist their beauty to test,
In building of temples on pillars to rest.
Thy cedars as ever yet gracefully grow,
Like so many plumes in thy pure cap of snow.
But no longer found on the heights of Lebanon,
The shrewd, cunning workmen of king Solomon;
Their sharp sounding ax no longer there rings,
In getting out timber for beautiful things.
And Carmel is there, so noted in story,
And famed so far for scenes of such glory;
Elijah here made his offering to raise,
Towards heaven to burn in so brilliant a blaze.
That idols no longer its soil might here stain,
Four hundred and fifty Baal's prophets were slain.
At Tabor Mount we ought also to stop,
A beautiful plain area it has at at the top;
Where Barak assembled his army of men,
And vanquished the hosts of Hazor's Jabin;

Whence Sisera fled to the Keninite's tent,
And thence by a nail to destruction was sent;
In a way that martial men would declare,
Was neither with honor and not very fair;
For none but a woman of fury's own trail,
Would bore a man through with hammer and nail.
To the southward now our course let us set,
And there we shall view fair Mount Olivet;
Where Christ's faithful band did often resort,
Of truths so sublime to hear him exhort.
From Galilee to Juda as we keep on our way,
Of needs we must pass right through Samaria.
And here if on wonders you love for to dwell,
Just stop, if you please, at Jacob's old well.
A Samaritan woman here once loved to stay,
And Jesus thus hear to show the true way;
As wearied he sat close by the well side,
And glowed his deep love to all the world wide.

XIII.

As wearied perhaps by such a journey,
We'll stop here to rest at small Bethany;
At foot of Mount Olives, even now it smiles,
And out of Jerusalem about two miles.
Here Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus stayed,
With truth and sincerity they often here prayed,
And true wisdom sought from heaven above,
And therefore our Saviour did all of them love.

And now to the Mount of Olives on track,
Eighteen hundred years again now roll back.
There sits our Saviour with his faithful few,
The city's splendor they together view.
The Temple there towers, in grandeur alone,
With dazzling brightness its turrets there shone.
Jerusalem's splendor their vision retains
And Jesus did weep in sorrowful strains,
"Jerusalem thou, on ruin long bent,
O that thou hadst known thy day to repent!
Alas! alas! thy ruin not to see,
For now that day is hidden from thee.
The day is at hand, how fearful it comes!
A day which thy sins so rashly have won.
Thy foes shall encompass thee closely around,
And all thy rich splendor quick raze to the ground.
The sun that now lights and views thee with pride,
In thickest darkness then his face shall hide.
The moon that pours on thee her silvery flood,
Then with dismay shall weep tears of blood.
The stars that o'er thee shine so brightly now,
With fearful fall then to the earth shall bow;
Jerusalem, once city of great heaven's King,
Her own funeral dirge must shortly here sing."
And now if you wish to start into tears,
Time's onward wheel just move forty years.
See Titus and army of legions so bold,
In deep fiery masses around the city roll.
Within, the people all famished of stores,
Without, all round the storm of battle pours.

Yet stubborn the Jews, submission to deign,
Till vengeance deep and dark did on them rain.
The wall is broken ; in those legions rush,
The Jews by thousands into death they crush.
The Temple soon they start into a blaze,
And then the city to the ground they raze.
Jerusalem, great city then thus fell,
Her deeds all dark, as is the deepest hell,
Her foulest, darkest, ever-damning deed,
Was when she made the holy Saviour bleed.
"His blood on us, and on our children too,"
Those wretches cried ; it fearfully came true,
On their own heads they drew the dreadful prayer,
There lingering stays, and ever shall be there.
Those forty onward years roll back again,
Whose deeds all of the darkest hue had been;
And now with tearful eye and heart's open fount,
A view let us take of Calvary's mount,
A little way out from Jerusalem's gate,
And now let us stop, and for a time wait.
See yonder band of heartless soldiers strong,
With desperation fierce they trail along.
But who before them there so feebly goes ?
Who is he ? pray tell who of us here knows ;
He looks very like the majestic One that
A few days since on Mount Olives sat.
'Tis he, it is he—O God ! it is he !
But who dares to bind him ? see, only see !
And who has thus dared with impious thread,
To wreathe that crown of thorns for his head ?

Those piercing thorns his sacred brow have torn,
Whence red and livid gore profuse has flown.
Onward they move towards Calvary's hill ;
That holy personage, dare they there kill ?
To that rough cross they quickly have him bound,
They raise it up and place it in the ground.
A superscription then they quickly bring,
" Jesus of Nazareth, of Jews the King."
People and priests then follow in trail,
And mockingly say, " King Jesus now hail!
Others he saved, but himself he cannot,
Let us see whether now his strength is forgot."
But see, these mockers, soon to cease such strain;
The Universe seems in heaviest pain ;
The sun grows dark right in the midst of day,
And from such sight with horror turns away.
The blinded earth with heavy vengeance shakes,
The slumbering dead to sudden life awakes;
The shaking Temple rends its vail in two,
" The holy of holies" thus turns out to view.
All nature seemed to fearful ruin bent,
The graves were opened, and the rocks were rent.
All hid their faces, and in silence wept;
While those arose who in their graves had slept.
All seem to dread the coming vengeful rod,
And say, for sure, this was the Son of God.
Retire let us now, and throw off our gloom,
And soon will we visit at Jesus's tomb.
The night was dark and very gloomy too,
A guard were set the sepulchre to view.

With circumspection they the tomb surround,
The earth soon trembles and shakes all around ;
For the angel of God from heaven had come,
And rolled back the stone from door of the tomb.
His features with lightning did dreadfully glow,
His raiment too glistened, as white as the snow.
Pale fear the keepers all captive had led,
And all became as men that were dead.
No friends were at the sepulchre near,
Except faithful woman all trembling with fear.
"Fear not," the angel quick to them replied,
I know ye seek Jesus who was crucified.
May joy and gladness be on your hearts shed,
He is not here, but risen from the dead.
Believe, ye disconsolate, what here now I say,
Come and see ye the place where the Lord lay."

The great Prince of life indeed then arose,
But just let us view him at forty days' close.
Assembled at Olivet's familiar retreat,
The faithful few their Master there meet ;
He speaks to them there of heavenly things,
And many a promise to their mind brings.
A dazzling radiance shines around him now,
Before him they in deepest reverence bow ;
They gaze upon his glowing features there,
He's gone ; quickly vanished into air.
Towards heaven while yet they steadfastly gazed,
Two angels in white to their visions bright blazed,
Their anxious minds then quickly to free ;
"Why stand ye here gazing, ye men of Galilee ?

This same Jesus, who now from you goes,
Shall meet you again in lasting repose ;
In manner as now he from you is risen,
So likewise at length he will meet you in heaven.
When you like him, your course finish here,
Like him shall you rise and be with him there."
O triumphant Christ ! thy glories none can tell,
Swayer complete, of earth, heaven and hell ;
Thy foes could not harm thee, though suffered to kill,
Before thee death dies, and live dost thou still.
In dazzling glories art thou now arrayed,
Thy laws through heaven and earth to be obeyed ;
Thy doctrines left with richest beauties rife,
Live, live forever, O thou Prince of Life.

XIV.

To ancient things now let us bid adieu,
The modern city for a while to view.
How fallen Jerusalem ! how much trodden down !
A forsaken, a wretched and mean-looking town.
Christians and Jews here mournfully meet,
Where scornful and haughty the Turks do them treat.
The Holy Land throughout the Turks degrade,
We almost wish to start a new Crusade.
Jerusalem around, yet stand those lasting hills;
But O that wasted city ! our blood how it chills !
There Kedron's brook yet murmurs along,
And Zion's hill stands ; but where is her song ?

Jerusalem! O cherished city of the soul!
What ruin and ravage do over the roll;
If tears from destruction could only thee save,
Those tears profusely about thee would lave.
If martial bands could save thee; such trial is o'er;
When Europe in arms around thee did pour.
If prayers could save thee from feeling the rod,
The richest you've had, those of the Son of God.
But what you once sowed, you now have to reap
In ruin so lasting therefore you must weep.

In south-westard course now let us take train,
And visit where stood the cities of the plain.
A dead, dismal lake, we only behold,
Where cities once rolled, in sins very bold.
As ever prone to take the backward track,
A few thousand years we ask to roll back.
How bloom these plains, like ancient Eden fair;
How rich the fields, and fanned by mountain air.
Here beauty reigns in every scene around,
And Nature's profusion kisses the ground.

And yet all these blessings the people forgot,
They were all great sinners, except righteous Lot.
He yonder is fleeing to save his own life,
And with him also are his daughters and wife.

The sun has risen with rich golden hue,
From beauteous plains is kissing the dew,
And Nature in her richest smiles appears,
As if unconscious of the fate that nears.
But fearful signs the atmosphere assumes,
Is charged on sudden with sulphureous fumes,

Over these plains deep, fiery clouds swell,
And shower all round profusion of hell.
Meanwhile righteous Lot just saves his own life ;
But O ! the fearful fate of his wife !
For lingering view she dared there to halt,
And suddenly turned to a pillar of salt !
An exception, we hope, to fair woman's heart,
From Sodom and sin to hate thus to part.
Dismal destruction reigns all around,
It rests on the sea and adjacent ground,
And even it seems to rise in the air,
For heaven's sweet songsters never dwell there.
O lasting example of sin's fearful bend !
In death and destruction thus ever to end.
In Palestine now no longer to stay,
Our course let us bend to port of Joppa.
Here arrived, to our comfort we found
Our crew and ship safe, and homeward soon bound.
A lingering look we cast towards the shore,
And then put to sea ; that land saw no more.
About three weeks out, with favorable sail,
Old England's shores, we then again hail.
Our Mediterranean voyage thus run,
We find us again in city London.
With stars and stripes of Columbia's nation,
Our wanderer finds the Constellation;
A ship sent on commercial scenes,
Then soon to sail for New Orleans.
Arrived the day, which her departure names,
A steamer tows her down the river Thames.

Dover strait passed, and from the Channel free,
Again our wanderer finds himself at sea.
Fifty days out, with old ocean's smiles,
We find us then near the West India Isles.
As fortune now on us plays none of her pranks,
We soon sail over the Bahama banks;
The fanning of heaven our ship onward sends,
Round Florida's shores thus quickly she bends;
Her canvas wings spread and filled with breeze,
The rapid Gulf Stream she passes with ease.
Thus onward and homeward we cheerily go,
And pass through the Gulf of old Mexico.
The wanderer's heart with gratitude bows,
To find himself near the Mississippi's mouths.
His dangers now o'er, and past now his toil,
He feels half-disposed for kissing the soil.

Old Ocean farewell; not much now to say,
But hereafter wish for terra firma.

I LOVE TO LIVE.

I love to live in this fair world,
  Its grandeur and its works to see,
As onward moves its yearly whirl,
  And gives us such variety.

I love to live where beauty reigns,
  In all the works of Nature round;
And now and then it even deigns
  To show itself in human form.

I love to live where golden hues
  Shine bright and clear at early dawn,
And kiss away the sparkling dews
  From off the rosy cheek of Morn.

I love to live in converse sweet
  With those on earth who live to love,
Their hearts in love and friendship meet,
  And make our earth like heaven above.

I love to live where Christian truth
  Makes known to all her richest prize,
To cheer the aged, guide the youth,
  And make the simple truly wise.

I love to live where science sheds
  Its beaming rays to all around,

And freedom gives to hearts and heads
Before in superstition bound.

I love to live where poetry,
In all its richest strains,
Flows forth from Nature's melody,
And not from love-sick brains.

I love to live where music breathes
From chords by Nature sweetly strung;
Her harps are rich in melodies,
And never on the willows hung.

I love to live where sparkling eyes
Speak love and friendship in their glance,
Such sweet expression in them lies,
Our social joys they much enhance.

I love to live where youthful health
Gives every cheek a rosy hue,
It makes the richest kind of wealth,
And shows a heart both kind and true.

I love to live where concord holds
True hearts in sweetest union bound;
It brings such heaven to their souls,
And mutual joys by all are found.

I love to live where thoughtful brows
Show working of deep mind within,

To clear the world of moral sloughs,
And purify our race from sin.

I love live where truth is known,
And with its beauties all are rife;
True joys then through the earth are strown,
To ripen into lasting life.

NOTHING OLD.

The maxim often held as true,
That Nature gives us nothing new,
Is wrong, I think; but rightly told,
'Twould be like this, there 's nothing old.
I mean where Nature's laws are known,
And seeds of death have not been sown,
And things move on in Nature's truth,
And thus drink in immortal youth.
But time is old—nay, time is new,
To those who life's true end pursue,
And do not waste their vital powers
In dissipation's fatal bowers.
The earth is old—nay, earth is new,
In all her scenes of grandeur true;
As onward in her course she rolls,
She always keeps from growing old.
The sun is old—nay, ever new,
And lives in robes of golden hue;

As on the earth his beams he lets,
New when he rises, new when he sets.
The moon is old—I think you're wrong,
And therefore will not cease my song;
She lives in robes of borrowed light,
Forever new, the Queen of night.
The stars are old—it is not so,
As new they are, as long ago;
That brilliant host and heavenly crew
Sing out aloud that all is new.
The sea is old—not quite so fast,
Its moving waves forever last;
And as they dash against the shore,
Forever new those surges roar.
The Universe does not grow old;
Its wonders never can be told;
Its mysteries can ne'er be sung,
Creation, sure, is ever young.

NATURE'S BARD.

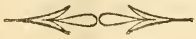
See yonder, 'neath the willow's bending shade,
The Bard of Nature, thus so strangely swayed:
His soul heeds not the bustling cares of earth,
But conscious feels of its much higher birth;
Born not to wealth, and all that dreamy show,
Which earthly honors can on him bestow;

While here he stays and presses earthly sod,
He lives to Nature, and to Nature's God.
The wealth he has is of etherial mould,
But richer far than is the choicest gold;
Earth hath no pleasures but that may be marred,
Yet sure and pure are those of Nature's bard.
He tunes his harp—it echoes far around;
His soul in Nature's music soon is bound;
Her scenes he loves, her spirit deep inspires,
And glow his thoughts with high and holy fires.

O goddess Nature! full of truth art thou,
To those who lowly at thy altars bow;
A paradise, indeed, thou dost restore
To those on earth who Nature's God adore.
Earth hath no joys like those of Nature's bard,
Who sings of truth and virtue's rich reward,
Who Nature reads and studies all her laws,
And from them rules of life and maxims draws.
He tunes his harp—its chords are sweetly strung,
To breathe those melodies he oft has sung;
Its mellow tones soon fill the air around,
And hills and vales with melody resound.

Thus Grecian Homer, of far ancient days,
His native valleys cheered with tuneful lays;
And thence his numbers to all time have rolled,
And through the world breathe music of his soul.
Then Virgil comes in milder, gentler strains,
And on the Roman age his beauty rains:
Of fields he sings, and strains from oaken reeds,
And then the horrors dire of martial deeds.

And next we on this catalogue shall find
Our prince of English poets, great though blind;
Great Milton was to Nature truly wise,
He saw her beauties, though deprived of eyes.
And Byron, too, though tarnished some his name,
Was Nature's bard, when out of folly's game.
And next and last on this poetic scroll,
Is he whose numbers have so sweetly rolled
Along "The Course of Time," till there we see
His beauties merged in vast eternity.



SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

Spirit of Freedom! on us breathe,
Inspire us with thy truths sublime;
Give us, O give thy own true ease,
And breathe thy spirit through all time.
Thou soul of freedom! on us smile,
And teach us all what true thou art;
May man no more himself beguile,
By wrong ideas of freedom's heart.

The heart of freedom! yes, we say,
Man little knows its nature true,
A phantom often leads astray,
And *real* freedom bids adieu.
The soul of freedom does not lay,
In booming shot and clashing swords,

In stern and bloody Mars' array,
True freedom this does not afford.

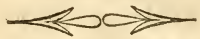
It never lay in martial strife,
In angry discord's mighty sway,
In taking 'way of human life,
And sending them from light of day.
It does not lay in empty puff
Of human rights and human wrong;
True freedom is of finer stuff,
Higher and better is her song.

Spirit of freedom! what art thou?
In what indeed dost thou consist?
To thy loved name we often bow,
And on thy roll we oft enlist.
Deceive ourselves, O may we not,
Thy altars worship and thy name,
Thy *form* revere, thy *truth* forgot,
Reaching for a phantom's fame.

The soul of freedom lives in truth,
Deep and eternal in its make;
It ever gives immortal youth,
Thus firm and sure its way to take.
It lies deep in the soul of man,
And freedom gives to all his powers,
Man's every evil thus to scan,
And save him when dark vengeance lowers.

It purifies the soul from sin,
And bends it upward to the skies,

And freedom gives from Mammon's "tin."
From earthly things thus made to rise:
Spirit of freedom! make us free,
Breathe thou on us thy soul divine;
Thy beauties then we all shall see,
And spread thy glories through all time.



SPIRIT OF REFORM.

Hail! holy spirit of reform!
None ever stays thy onward way;
Sin's strong-built castles thus to storm,
And drive those wretched scenes away.
Hail! holy spirit! onward go,
Such victories thus to achieve,
And make the strength of sin lie low,
And man from misery relieve.
Onward! onward! thus on the move,
Conquering and to conquer still,
Subduing by the force of love,
Thus ever renovating still.
But true reform, like freedom true,
Is oft mistaken for its ghost,
Reformers false, and these not few,
Make all reform an empty boast.
To pull things down, and not build up,
These false reformers ever try,

On ruins deep they love to sup,
And swell themselves to bursting nigh:
O false reformers! slow to think,
The "modus operandi" right,
You drive the world to ruin's brink,
And ever stand in your own light.
O false reformers! hold awhile,
We wish you could see things aright;
'Twould seem quite plain e'en to a child;
You blaze so fast, you lose your light.
Why, here you fail; yea, more than that;
You go throughout the world around,
And careful strain out every gnat.
But camels huge you swallow down.
Now just be wise, begin at home,
Where *true* reform forever starts;
At foreign evils do not foam,
Till you have cleared *your* sinful hearts.
When this is done, then you may try,
And we presume with much success,
To pluck the mote from brother's eye,
Thus doing so will then you bless.
Not pulling down, but building bold,
All that is lovely, just and true,
The new then supersedes the old,
Which tearing down, now troubles you.
Reform's true spirit! on us breathe,
O! free our hearts from every sin!
Advancement *true*, we then achieve,
How fair a world, O then, we're in!

MUSIC OF LIFE.

Man is a harp, strung by the hand of God,
Music to make from all life's varied scenes;
If discord grates upon the ear of life,
The vital harp itself is out of tune;
There is no want of music from without.
Life is full of music. How sweet it breathes
From every stage, from childhood to youth,
From youth to manhood, and thence on to age.
See yonder child; his little, merry heart
Is finely strung for music. Life is new,
Entirely new; the tide of early life
Bounds merry through his veins; how glowing bright
Is every thing around! His little world
Is full of pleasing scenes. Those vital springs
Within, flow richest joy on things without,
Thus pleased he throws his little arms about,
In perfect flow and glow of life and joy.
The rattle-box or stick amusement make,
And ample sport afford his infant mind.
With perfect confidence he views mankind,
And thinks the world entire made up of joy.
His little laughing eyes his mother's meet,
And talks to her in prattle of his own;
And as he clings his arms around her neck,
His little heart beats perfect notes of joy.
Then youth comes on with life on larger scale,
The bounding pulse now bursts his little world,

Of former playthings and the nursery room:
Now fields and flowers and brooks attention clai.
With brilliant eyes "that sparkle gems of fun,"
And face all smiling, quick he bounds along the field,
To pluck the flowers, or chase the butterfly;
And laughs to think his sport goes on so well;
To fly the kite or bound the rapid ball,
Afford fine sport and spring to youthful nerves,
And blood that tinges both the cheeks with hue
Of 'lastic health, that spreads throughout the frame.
The tide of youthful life is full of joy,
And richest music; the bright creation
Is full of wonders and of sweetest charms
To youthful hearts. The untried scenes of life
Prospective rise, and furnish brilliant hopes
Of future joys that bless, though distant yet.
And now the youthful mind is being trained;
And upward turned the shining ways of truth
And science; though his heart ill brooks control
At first, but rather bound o'er fields and woods
In search of sport; reluctant when o'er books
He bends, his little roguish heart without
Roves all around, and thinks of fields and sports,
And boyish sprees and never-ending fun;
And deems declining nouns but small account,
When once compared with all his plans of sport.
At length some wiser grown, his mind takes hold
Of Science, and with pleasure walks her paths,
And swells his soul to larger dimensions,
And soars far up in all her dazzling rays.

At length to perfect manhood he is come;
His manly brow, a fountain deep of thought,
Shows intellectual bend, and moral worth.
His active mind from scenes and objects round,
Like flint and steel, strikes off most brilliant sparks,
Of thought, which blend with others, beaming light,
To 'luminate the world and save mankind.
His soul now filled with high and noble plans,
His energies he bends to bless his race.
Deep in the sacred mines of truth he delves,
And throws out precious ores, which he submits
To mental fires, then turns them out all pure.
Pursuits of manly worth now hold his mind,
The social, civil, moral state of man
To better, and all his powers to guide
Into the ways of truth, and joy, and peace.
Matured to manhood's prime thus all his powers,
Now sweet affection sways his glowing soul,
And fused his heart beneath its melting rays:
And then that deep, eternal glow of soul,
A worthy object seeks, towards whom to flow
Those finer feelings of the human heart.
Such object found, the gentle beams of love,
Shine mutual joys to lover and the loved.
Then eyes look love to eyes, and heart to heart.
The fountains deep of tender thought and feeling,
Then are broken up, and together flow,
And fuse two hearts into but one complete.
"That silken tie which binds two willing hearts,"
Then holds them in the sweetest union bound.

Domestic bliss now overflows the heart,
And pure and deep affection swells the soul.
All earthly happiness is now complete,
And crowned with deep and overflowing joy.
The tide of life rolls smoothly, sweetly on,
While each their other self wish still to please,
And happy make with mutual joy and love.
Imparadised thus in each other's smiles,
Their years roll on, crowned with the purest joys.
In virtue each maturing and in deeds
Of glorious bend and heavenly aim,
That give the soul such real worth and fame,
Of lasting kind and elevating mould.
Meanwhile those pledges, such as Heaven gives,
Of truth and noble worth, are rightly trained,
For glorious action and for rich reward.
Like olive branches, round their table thus
They live and flourish, and like rose buds fair
About to spread their petals, to gather
And then reflect the rays of blooming life.

O the rich glories of life's sweet music!
Creation is full of it, breathing through
Every thing around. The waving trees float
Music from their long boughs and bending tops.
The golden grain, and most delicious peach,
And richly flavored fruit, music afford
To eye, as well as taste, if not to heart,
Swelling with gratitude for favors such
From hand of God. The beauteous meadows
Clothed in green, and decked with flowers fair,

Float music to the eye. The air is full
Of harmonious notes; upon the ear
They fall with heavenly cadence so sweet,
That one might think himself in paradise
Before his time, and sing of Eden fair,
As though still on the earth; forgetting thus
Our common loss. The waters too are full
Of music. The softly murmuring rill,
And gaily dashing stream, and winding brook,
And falling cataract, rich music break
Upon the ear. The silvery trout, and fish
Of various kinds, dart music to the eye.
The rolling thunder, and the falling rain,
And vivid lightnings, often music blend,
Of mild and heavy, deep and fearful sort.
In scientific truth music there is:
Who can survey the structure of this earth,
And not feel music in his soul to rise?
Or all the agents imponderable,
That constant work upon the earth's surface,
And wonderful phenomena present,
And mysteries that philosophic thought
Engage, and ask a Newton to unfold.
And music, too, there is (though some may smile)
In mathematic truth; exactitude
Like this, can never fail of music deep;
And minds that love the truth, it pleases well.
And who can help but feel the purest thrill
Of pleasure, as tracing demonstration
Through, step by step, the eager mind goes on

In truth's bright archway, new beauties bursting
Constant on the mental eye, now glowing
All in deep earnest reach for final truth;
At length that truth is grasped, and felt so sure
And lasting, heaven, or earth it cannot shake,
Truth all immortal as the throne of God.
Thus music breathes through every scene of life;
At least, *it may*, if vital harp is kept
In tune;—if not, 'tis true that discord harsh
May grate upon the ear of life along
Its course entire, and heaven's blessings rich
Convert thus into curses deep as hell.
Gather who will, may richest music from
His life, and he who will, harshest discord.
But man, in want of music, him let not
To blame his God, but let him blame himself;
For vital harp thus putting out of tnne,
So that it could not gather melody
From God's creation full of beauty,
And mellow strains of music rich and deep.
Music of age as yet we have not sung;
Though last, not least, yet deem the joys of age.
Of age, we mean, that flows from well spent life,
And not from wasted youth, manhood ill spent;
For from the last flows music such as made
By demons dancing round Hades' confines;
But from a life spent in the paths of truth,
Flows richest music to the aged soul.
The heart now ripe in virtue, in wisdom
Matured his soul, a fountain deep his head,

Of safest counsel for the young around
Him growing up : deepest respect these feel
And show to age so full of wisdom true :
The youth of bounding pulse and glowing heart,
Is glad his sport to drop, counsel to hear,
From age so venerable, and respect,
To show those hairs, bleached with virtue's rich
And glorious harvest of true golden hopes,
About to merge themselves in lasting life,
And never ending glories of that world,
Where all is truth and love and joy and peace.
Besides, the aged soul, by spring of youthful life
Encircled, oft forgets his age, and blends
Among their sports, and sprightly playful times,
As if himself again were young in life.
And thus he lives ; younger generations
Coming to take his place in active life,
And fill those stations, he with credit filled.
Thus full of honors, and of wisdom full,
And glorious hopes of future life and joy,
Gathered he is, like shock of corn, all ripe
And fit for harvest of eternal life,
Immortal as the everlasting God :
O then ! there's music sweet and calm in death.

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